

S-7

F

100

1

1

#8080

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS
LIBRARY
BROCK UNIVERSITY



NEW GUIDE

To Niagara,



W.B.
1877

WITH DESCRIPTION OF

Scenery, Casualties,
Narrow Escapes, Etc.

NIAGARA FALLS:
GAZETTE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

1877.

LIBRARY
BROCK UNIVERSITY

162811

M. H. Brewer
NEW GUIDE 1877

TO NIAGARA,

WITH DESCRIPTION OF ITS

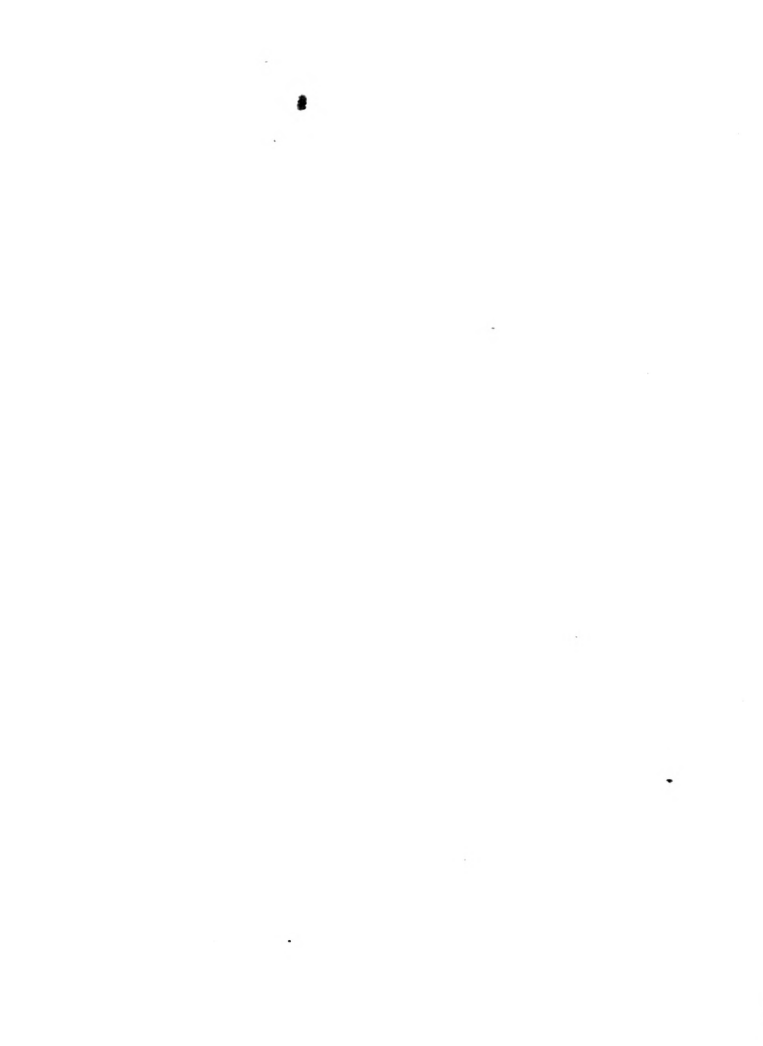
Scenery, Casualties,

Narrow Escapes, Etc.



NIAGARA FALLS,
GAZETTE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

1877.



NEW GUIDE TO NIAGARA.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Nature has many waterfalls and cataracts, but only one NIAGARA—and that the most grand and stupendous natural curiosity in the world!—annually visited by hundreds of thousands from all parts of the earth.

The Cataract is formed by the precipitous descent of the Niagara River down a ledge of rocks of more than one hundred and sixty feet of perpendicular height, into an abyss or basin below of unknown depth. The Niagara River is the outlet by which the vast surplus of the waters of those inland seas, Erie, Huron, Michigan, Superior, and St. Clair, is passed into Lake Ontario, from whence, by the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, it finds its way to the ocean.

The Cataract of Niagara is situated in latitude $43^{\circ} 6'$ north, and longitude $2^{\circ} 6'$ west, from Washington. It is twenty-two miles from the efflux of the river at

Lake Erie, and fourteen miles south from the place where it empties into Ontario. The whole length of the river is, therefore, thirty-six miles; its general course is a few points west of north.

The climate of Niagara is, in the highest degree, healthful and invigorating. The atmosphere, continually acted upon by the rushing water, is kept pure, refreshing and salutary. There are no stagnant pools or marshes in the vicinity. The face of the country, for miles around, though nearly level, or but slightly undulating, is yet so elevated as to be neither damp, disagreeable or unwholesome. No pestilential or epidemic complaint ever infests the spot—it would seem to be sacred from their approach.

Sweet-breathing herbs and beautiful wild flowers spring up spontaneously, even on the sides and in the crevices of the giant rocks, and luxuriant clusters of firs and other fine forest trees cover the islands, crown the cliffs, and overhang the banks of the Niagara. There are no musquitos to annoy, or reptiles to intimidate.

The great features of Niagara are ever the same, but their individual expression is continually changing. With every season, with every sunbeam, with every shade, they assume a different appearance, inspire fresh interest, and compel new admiration. No place

on the civilized earth offers such attractions and inducements to visitors as Niagara, and they can never be fully known, except to those who see them, from the utter impossibility of describing such a scene as this wonderful cataract presents. When nature can be expressed by color, there will be some hope of imparting a faint idea of it—but until that can be done, Niagara must remain undescribed.

In the neighborhood the invalid will find rest, refreshment, healthful exercise and pure air, and that gentle exhilaration of mental and bodily spirits so desirable in all cases, and often so necessary to speedy recovery. The convalescent will here be relieved from the languor of weakness and much of the danger of relapse, by the pleasurable excitement scenes of such extreme beauty and interest ever produce. The business man, desirous of escaping for a time from the troublous round of toil and care in which he commonly moves, can here enjoy his leisure and dignify his relaxation. The man of science can nowhere else find such an ample field for research, nor a subject which would so much honor his investigations.

From what has been said above, it will be understood that we shall make no attempt to *describe* Niagara Falls. All that we propose to do is to point out the best places for observation, and the objects, scenes

and localities most wortny of a visit, which will be done in the proper place.

ABOUT SO-CALLED "ABUSES" AT NIAGARA.

It is conceded that there are people in this world who "are never happy unless they are miserable," and it is not to be wondered at that some of these occasionally find their way to Niagara. They are always enjoying a heap of trouble; forever being "swindled" by somebody, and are firmly resolved to do mankind a service by relating their grievance and advising their friends to follow *their* example and "never go to Niagara again." Yet these same misery-loving individuals are sure to be found at the Falls during each succeeding season—and again heard to harp about "extorting hotel-keepers," "rascally hackmen," and the like.

It is a fact conceded by all intelligent and right-minded visitors, that there are no better hotels, or better kept hotels, in America than are to be found at Niagara; not only this, but there are no hotels in the country the charges at which are more moderate, the elegance of the accommodations, and the quality and sumptuousness of the fare provided, being taken into account, than are those at the Niagara Falls hotels.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, that neither the hotel-keepers at Niagara, or elsewhere, have yet discovered

a method by which "extras," and "dainties," and "luxuries," and all that sort of thing, can be provided without some slight cost to themselves.

Another sore subject with a certain class of visitors at the Falls, is that of the hackmen—and we really do not believe there is a better abused set of men above the grass than these same unfortunate hackmen. Some folks will malign and belie them, let them be never so accommodating, courteous and honorable in their dealing. We presume to say that in nineteen cases out of every twenty, where complaints of extortion have been made against Niagara Falls hackmen, the fault has been with the person making the complaint. The prices that these men may demand are regulated by municipal enactment, and we may, without fear of contradiction, assert that there never was yet a time when the magistrates at the Falls did not see that such enactments were enforced when charges were preferred, and those against whom offences were proven made to suffer.

A large proportion of the hackmen at the Falls own the carriages they drive, and they are not the men to risk the loss of that whereby they live—their license—by practicing petty extortion. Let the visitor at the Falls make a bargain with the hackman before entering the vehicle—in accordance with the rates

allowed—and demand no gratuitous “extras” at his hands, and go according to our unpretentious little Guide, and there will certainly be no cause for complaint afterwards.

ON ARRIVING AT THE FALLS,

the visitor should take an omnibus, which will be found in waiting at the depot, and proceed to one of the hotels. Having been freed from the dust and stains of travel, and partaken of refreshments, if needed, let him call a carriage, and instruct the driver (they are all intelligent, pleasant fellows) to take him to such points of interest as we name “essential.”

First among these, and the usual route of all visitors, will be the

WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

This wonderful spot is about two miles distant from the Falls, down the rushing, green river which, flowing at a profound depth between high banks, looks so quiet yet sullen, after leaving the howling abyss at the foot of the Falls. But at Whirlpool Rapids! what a change! The whole force of the water concentrates itself here, and seems as though it would tear assunder the steep, wooded hills that enclose it, so wild and startling is its terrific power; as far as the eye can

reach the water thunders down in seething, heaving masses of foam, throwing up streams of water covered with spray, and in places whirling it up into angry billows twenty or thirty feet above the heads of the spectators standing on the shore. It is deafening in its roar, and here, even more than at the brink of the Falls, can we have a realization of the terrific force of Niagara.

Through a channel but about 300 feet in width, and walled-in by giant banks, from the summit of which it makes one giddy to look down, rush the gathered waters of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, and Erie! Those who have descended to the river's edge, gazed upon the wild, tumultuous surge, and listened to its roar, can form some idea of this "Hell of Waters." No description can do it justice. Exaggeration itself is baffled. Nothing, unless it might be the great Maelstrom (on the Norway coast) in its fury, can be instanced as a parallel to the Whirlpool Rapids.

The depth of the water at the Rapids is estimated to be not less than two hundred and fifty feet! The natural inquiry on reading the above would be: "How did you, Mr. Guide, happen to find that out?" The answer is: We know the amount of water (very nearly) passing over the Falls, the rapidity with which it runs, and the width of the river at this point—hence

the calculation is easily made, nor may the conclusion reached be characterized as a far-fetched or very erroneous one. It was estimated by Sir Charles Lyell that not less than fifteen hundred millions of cubic feet of water pass through the gorge every minute. Professor Wright, former President of Yale College, says that one hundred millions two hundred thousand tons of water pass over the Falls every hour. Judge DeVeaux, in his "Traveller's Own Book," says five thousand eighty-five millions eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-three barrels of water descend every twenty-four hours. Other estimates have been made by scientific men, and the results have not been materially different.

In fact the river *must* be very deep, as the visitor will readily comprehend, to admit the passage of this immense body of water.

There are no rocks in the channel at this point, and if there were, they would produce no effect upon the water at the surface. When it is remembered that the surface of the river is thirty feet lower at Whirlpool Rapids than at the Railway Suspension Bridge, that the river is but three hundred feet wide, and that the current runs at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour, then the assertion that the "breakers"—if the term may be allowed—toss themselves to the height of

thirty and forty feet, ever varying in their wild tumbling, bling, and are the grandest in the world, will be duly credited.

No man or woman who takes a seat in the Summer-house, built upon the huge rock which evidently fell from the top of the beetling cliff above in some earlier age and lodged upon the river's brink, can look upon the scene unmoved, or fail to be impressed with its awful sublimity and grandeur. The surrounding scenery is in keeping with the raging, dashing river—wild, solemn and beautiful.

Who that has ever gazed upon this turbulent scene can wonder at the belief of the Indians, that "an evil spirit resides beneath these dreadful waters," for, ever and anon, out of the least angry spots, a huge green wave will suddenly upheave and seem to choke and struggle with the rest; for an instant it rises, dark and terrible, as though it strove for room, then tumbling forward is carried off with a rush like the sweep of destiny. As you gaze on the rush of waters from above, you feel a horrid yearning in your heart to plunge in and join the mad whirl, and see the mystery out; yet, even with this thought at the strongest, you shrink instinctively from the dreadful brink, where the very waters seem hurrying to destruction, faster and faster, and wilder and wilder it pours with every

minute, bent into crooked channels in the stones, but always rushing on, as if the river were mad.

THE ELEVATOR.

To promote the comfort and convenience of visitors, there has been constructed for the proprietors of the place a double elevator, by Professor A. A. Smith, of Niagara Falls. This was completed in August, 1869, at a cost of \$20,000, and is one of the most perfect specimens of mechanical skill and ingenuity of its kind in the country. There are two carriages, similar to those at the first-class hotels in New York and other cities. The machinery is worked by water power, transmitted from a wheel placed some three hundred feet below the top of the bank. The running gear is of the best wire, each of the two cables being capable of sustaining a strain equal to that of one hundred tons. The machinery is so constructed as to preclude the possibility of accident, and visitors need not be under the least fear or apprehension.

The carriage descends a distance of one hundred and ninety-two feet, to the "Reception Room," a snug and comfortably furnished parlor, where a glass of pure, cold, delicious soda water—but nothing stronger—can always be had. From the parlor the further descent to the water's edge—fifty-eight feet—is made

by a gravelled walk. While descending the walk the visitor gets a full view of the face and side of the cliff—a by no means insignificant sight. From the bottom of the descent a few steps take the sight-seer to the spacious and cosy Summer-house built upon the rock—as previously spoken of—and here the terrible grandeur of Whirlpool Rapids bursts upon the sight-seer. From this point, too, one gets the very best view of the great Railway Suspension Bridge, with the almost constantly passing trains.

The entire grounds about the place have been improved, embellished and beautified, and the unanimous verdict of the many thousands who have gone there is that it is the most delightful spot about Niagara Falls.

And here let me state that visitors wishing a Souvenir of their visit to Niagara can find no better place to obtain one than at the fancy goods store connected with the office. The goods here are always first-class in every department. The attendance on the part of those in charge is civil and courteous at all times, and the prices reasonable. Visitors never complain of extortion or incivility at Whirlpool Rapids.

Parties can also have their photographs taken at the water's edge with the rapids in the background, making a very handsome remembrance of Whirlpool

Rapids. Here also can be obtained Prof. G. E. Curtis celebrated view of Whirlpool Rapids, the proprietors having the exclusive sale; also the view of the "Maid of the Mist" passing through the Rapids. And here we pause to speak of

ROBINSON AND THE "MAID OF THE MIST."

On the 16th day of June, in the year 1861, Whirlpool Rapids was the scene of one of the most daring acts ever attempted by a human being. The small wooden side-wheel steamer "Maid of the Mist," about ninety feet in length, which had been built and used to convey visitors from her dock, above the point where the Railway Suspension Bridge crosses, to the foot of the Cataract, etc., had got into trouble. There was a heap of grief on the mind of the little vessel—or on the minds of those who claimed to be her owners, which is all one and the same thing; she was libelled, and mortgaged, and all that, to such an extent that, figuratively speaking, the water through which she had been accustomed playfully to paddle was getting too hot for her. It was necessary to "get her out of that;" but how? This was the perplexing question. She couldn't be run away with bodily over land, small as she was. She couldn't, either, be got through the Rapids and Whirlpool, down the river into Lake

Ontario, and thence taken to Montreal. At least everybody thought so—except one man; and that man was the dare-devil, Joel R. Robinson. Joel believed in the doctrine of Sam Patch: that some things could be done just as well as others, and perhaps better, too. And he undertook what it was fair to presume no other mortal man would have undertaken. He agreed, for the sum of five hundred dollars, to deliver the steamer “Maid of the Mist” at Montreal! AND HE DID IT!

He took two other men into his employ—McIntyre and Jones—but it is not supposed that they were aware of the precise nature of the adventure.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the day named—everything having been “battened down” and made as secure as possible, with Robinson himself at the wheel—the “Maid of the Mist” left her moorings; but, to the surprise of all who looked upon her, instead of heading up the river toward the Falls, her prow was pointed downward, and she started on that terribly perilous voyage. Shooting forward with almost the velocity of an arrow, she plunged through the seething waters under the bridge, and passed onward to what all were convinced must be her speedy doom. On and on she went until the awful Whirlpool Rapids were reached, and then, from a hundred throats, went

up the frenzied cry: "She is lost! She is lost!" And well might that cry go up, and well might the stoutest hearts be appalled, when the little craft actually DISAPPEARED from sight, and the ravenous

———"waters gathered o'er her!"

But a louder cry went up as the gallant "Maid" rose again on the top of the foamy billows, minus her smoke-stack, and, guided by a heart that never quailed, and a hand that never trembled, after tossing about like a cork for a couple of minutes, and sending forth from her steam whistle a shrill, defiant blast, as it were, plunged through the heaving deluge and was safe!

Let the visitor, with this little book, open at this page, in his or her hand, take a seat in the Summer-house upon the rock, and gaze upon Whirlpool Rapids. He or she will then—and not else—be able to appreciate the Providence-tempting feat performed on the 16th day of June, 1861, by Joel R. Robinson—the man who never was afraid!

Having returned to terra firma, and again taken our carriage, let us proceed about a mile down the river to the Whirlpool. The drive to this point (on the American side) is very fine. This is also the site of the DeVaux College for orphan boys. This college was established according to the provision of the will of the late Judge Samuel DeVaux, an old resi-

dent of Niagara, who bequeathed, for the purpose, personal property to the amount of \$154,432, and real estate valued at \$36,213, besides 330 acres of land. The building was erected in 1855-6, it is built of stone, has two stories and an attic, above the ground floor, and a front of 100 feet with a depth of fifty-four feet.

The members of the school are supplied by the institution with food, clothing and books.

By the provisions of the will the president of the college must always be a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church, and the institution itself under the control of the Diocese of Western New York. Members of the school are appointed by the board of trustees, the children of parents belonging to the Protestant Episcopal church having the preference. When once received they are under the sole charge of the trustees until they attain their majority. The college reports annually to the legislature.

The basin containing the Whirlpool is nearly circular, and, together with the waters, form a very picturesque scene. But, as to the pool itself, it must be acknowledged that many are disappointed with its appearance. It is not, as many suppose, in the shape of a vast cauldron or pool formed by an outlet in the bottom of a vessel, whereby the centre is greatly depressed, but on the contrary the water is several

feet higher in the centre than at the sides. The pool is formed by the pent-up action of the water, and, in its bewildered course to find an outlet, is forced round and round the basin. We cannot illustrate more plainly than to compare the river to a ferocious animal who has never known defeat, that has suddenly, by his own carelessness, fallen into a pitfall. His first impulse is to rush around the outer edge of the pit, in frantic but futile efforts to find a passage for escape. This passage, when found by the river, appears to be choked and wholly inadequate to carry off the vast amount of water, yet it has answered every purpose for these thousands of years. The furious torrent from the Rapids comes foaming and thundering into the basin, and its currents, kept away from the place of egress by the mighty rocks upon which the cliffs rest, are forced by their prodigious impulsion quite across the mouth of the outlet; meeting at the opposite bank, they are again diverted from their course, and, curving inward, are carried round and round the basin, till they are drawn down into the centre, driven subterraneously far forward, and, finally, ejected at the opening below, and bound away in frightful and tremendous plunges.

Taking the whole view of the College, Whirlpool, and drive, the average visitor will be pleased with the

trip We again take our carriage and, leaving the United States, proceed to Canada. As most visitors wish to go by one bridge and return by the other, we will first cross the Old, or Railway, Suspension Bridge. This bridge is a noble and stupendous structure; it is owned by a stock company, and cost over \$500,000. The architect was Mr. Jno. A. Roebling, of Trenton, N. J. Formerly the bridge here was of much smaller dimensions. Mr. Chas. Elliot first crossed in an iron basket suspended under a single cable of iron wire; afterward many people crossed in this way, being let down the incline and drawn up the opposite side by a windlass. While six workmen were employed on the carriage road of this bridge, a terrific gale burst upon them, tore the planks away, and left four of their number clinging to two thin wires, which swung fearfully to and fro, whilst the whirling rapids raged beneath them; the other two escaped on fragments of board to the shore. A brave comrade descended in a basket, during a lull in the gale, and by means of a ladder, rescued his companions from their awful position.

The present bridge is of enormous strength, and forms communication between Canada and the United States, over which the cars of the Great Western and Erie Railroads pass without causing the slightest

vibration. The cars first crossed on the 8th of March, 1855. The road for carriages is twenty-eight feet below the railway line. The following statistics in relation to the great structure will not be out of place here :

Length of span from centre to centre of towers. . .	822 feet
Height of towers above the rock, American side, . .	88 feet
Height of towers above the rock, Canadian side, . .	73 feet
Height of towers above floor of railway,	60 feet
Height of track above the water,	258 feet
Number of wire cables,	4
Diameter of each cable,	10¼ in.
Number of No. 9 wires in each cable,	3,659
Ultimate aggregate strength of cables,	12,400 tons
Weight of superstructure,	800 tons
Maximum weight cable and stays will support, . .	7,300 tons

After crossing this bridge the drive to Table Rock, on the Canada side, is very fine, as it gives an almost uninterrupted view of the river below the Falls in all of its incessant changes. We may mention, in passing, that there are two caves, Catlin's Cave and the Giant's Cave, between the Bridge and the Falls, on the American side, and Bender's Cave on the Canada side. They are, however, not worthy of notice. The first thing of interest that we notice from the Canada side will be the American and Central Falls; we are now almost directly in front of them.

THE AMERICAN FALLS

are one-fourth of a mile wide, and have a perpendicu-

lar height of one hundred and sixty-four feet. They are characterized by an irregularity that gives them a wild and singular beauty. The outline is far-projecting and deeply indented. The water flows over in a broad, billowy stream, and is thrown out by craggy points in a hundred places, so that it passes down in a snow-white drapery, and possessing so much variety that it delights while it awes, and one almost forgets its immensity while contemplating its singular beauty.

At first sight, strangers are sometimes disappointed. Either their expectations have been raised too high, or the sublimity, grandeur and magnificence of the scene far surpass anything they could possibly have anticipated; the second view is frequently more impressive than the first. The longer the visitor tarries the more he enjoys and appreciates, and we think the instance is not on record where the visitor, having any mind to appreciate sublimity and overwhelming grandeur, has been disappointed after a few days at Niagara.

Arriving at Table Rock we have the best view of the Great Horseshoe Fall, which extends from Goat Island to the Canadian shore, the width being estimated at 2,376 feet; the perpendicular height of the Falls is one hundred and fifty-eight feet. The curve of the Fall has now little the resemblance of a horseshoe, having rather the shape of an inverted letter A.

Near the Canada shore the water falls in fleecy, snow-like masses—white, feathery and shifting. But from thence to the Terrapin Rocks—three-fourths of the entire distance—it rolls down in one deep, unbroken volume.

Let the visitor look steadily for a few moments about halfway down the Fall, near the point where it looks so green, and it has a very different effect upon the mind. When the sun shines it adds much to the magnificent grandeur of this scene. In the afternoon, from three to five o'clock, there is always a broad, expansive rainbow to be seen, extending at times from the Horseshoe to the American Falls. A spiral staircase, with dressing rooms and guides, enables the visitor to go down and part way under the Falls.

Table Rock was formerly of much greater extent, large portions of the cliff having at different times been broken off and dashed to pieces by the fall. In 1818 an immense mass—one hundred and sixty feet in length and from thirty to forty feet broad—was torn from the brow of the bank, hurled down the steep, and shattered to fragments at the foot of the precipice. This occurred at midnight, and the shock startled the inhabitants for miles around, being mistaken for that of an earthquake. In the years 1828 and 1829 other and smaller portions of the rock fell, and two larger por-

tions have fallen in later years. But the beauty of the place has not been materially impaired.

It was here that Mrs. Sigourney was inspired to write the following beautiful lines:

NIAGARA.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on,
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thine altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift
The insect trump that tells her trifling joys
Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
Retire abashed. For he hath need to sleep,
Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling home
His boisterous billows, from their vanishing play,
To a long dreary calm: but thy strong tide
Faints not, nor e'er with failing hearts forgets
Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.
The morning stars, that hailed Creation's birth,
Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with their song
Jehovah's name: and the dissolving fires,
That wait the man late of the day of doom
To wreck the Earth, shall find it deep inscribed
Upon thy rocky scroll.

Lo! yon birds,
How bold, they venture near, dipping their wing
In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis meet
For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir

Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud
Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven
Without reproof. But as for us, it seems
Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace
Thine awful features with our pencil's point
Were but to press on Sinai.

Thou dost speak
Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop
From His right hand—bidding the soul that looks
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,
Be humbly wrapped in its own nothingness,
And lose itself in Him.

We will now take our carriage again and drive back to the New Suspension Bridge. On the way we pass Barnett's Museum, in which are over 100,000 specimens of animals and reptiles. It is arranged so as to represent a forest scene, and contains a fine collection of birds, beasts and fishes; but this is not all, there are the human headed bulls, from Egypt, of the Ancients, given in bas-relief; there are five Egyptian Mummies, varying in age, one of which deserves particular mention: it is of an Egyptian warrior, from Thebes, 2,314 years old, whose profile is perfect. It is said to be one of the finest specimens of the kind ever taken from the Catacombs of the East. He is calmly sleeping away the centuries. The time has disfigured him with a jetty blackness which is far from being natural to the race to which he belongs, otherwise the great age attributed to his remains has made no change.

The figures represent him to have lived during the reign of Xerxes, whom the Greeks at Pharsalia and Marathon defeated, preserving their liberty and saving their country. Taking all in all, the Museum is well worthy of a visit, if you are interested in such things. It will be well to mention here that parties will be importuned by numerous runners to have their photographs taken, but to this we have nothing to say; please yourselves, only be *sure* and make your bargains first.

The next point of interest will be the New Suspension Bridge. This bridge is not as massive in construction as the lower one, but more beautiful in architecture. A favorite American writer speaks of this bridge as follows:

“Over the river, so still with its oily eddies and delicate wreaths of foam, just below the Falls, they have, of late years, woven a web of wire, high in air, and hung a bridge from precipice to precipice. Of all the bridges made with hands, it seems the slightest, most ethereal. It is ideally graceful, and droops from its slight towers like a garland. It is worthy to command, as it does, the whole grandeur of Niagara, and to show the traveller the vast spectacle, from the beginning of the American Fall to the farthest limit of the Horseshoe, with all the awful pomp of the

rapids, the solemn darkness of the wooded islands, the mystery of the vaporous gulf, the indescribable wildness of the shores as far as the eye can reach, up or down the fatal stream. The exquisite structure which swings so tremulously from its towers and seems to lay so slight a hold on earth where its cables sink into the ground, is to other bridges what the blooded horse is to the common breed of roadsters, and one feels his sensitive nerves quiver under him as he advances farther and farther towards the centre."

The following particulars in regard to this structure will be of interest: It was built at a cost of \$250,000, and is owned by a stock company. The span between the centres of the towers is 1,268 feet (446 feet longer than the lower bridge).

Height above the surface of the river 190 feet.

Height of towers above rock on Canada side, 105 feet, and on American side, 100 feet.

Base of towers 28 feet square, and top 4 feet square.

The bridge is supported by two cables, composed of seven wire ropes each, which contain respectively 133 No. 9 wires.

The weight of these wire ropes per lineal foot is 9 pounds, and the diameter of the cable is 7 inches.

The total weight of the suspended portions of the cable is 82 tons net.

There are 48 stays, weighing 15 tons net.

There are 56 guys connected with the bridge.

The aggregate breaking strain of the cable is 1,680 tons.

After crossing to the American side again we will turn to our right and enter Prospect Park. Here we come to the American Fall, on the American side; we have seen it from Canada, now let us see it from the United States. This is indeed a sight worth coming many hundred miles to see. Here, at one wide sweep, we behold Niagara stretching from the American to the Canadian side in magnificent perspective. Just at our feet the smooth, deep masses of the American Fall undulate convulsively as they hurl over the precipice and dash, in never ending succession of what we may term *passionate bursts*, upon the rugged rocks beneath. Beyond and a little to the left is Goat Island, richly clothed with foliage, its drooping ends seeming as if it, too, were plunging like the mighty river into the seething abyss below. Just off the point is seen the great Horseshoe Fall, uttering its deep, deafening roar of endless melody as it plunges majestically into the curling sea of foam from which the white cloud of mist rises high in air and partially conceals the background of Canada from view. Far down in the river below, the little ferry boats are seen dancing on the

angry waters. The American Fall, on the brink of which we stand, is 164 feet in perpendicular height, and 660 feet wide from the main land to Luna Island. The late Mr. Charles Dickens in alluding to this view says, "it was not till I came to the brink of the American Fall at Prospect Point that it came upon me in its full, mighty majesty. The Niagara was for ever stamped upon my heart an image of beauty to remain there changeless and indelible until its pulses cease to beat forever. Oh, how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in distance during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground. What voices spoke from out the thundering water! What faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angel's tears, the drops of many hues that showered around and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made. * * * * *

To wander to and fro all day and see the Cataract from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the Great Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approaches the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighboring heights and

watch it through the trees and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks, two miles below, watching the river, as stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet far down beneath the surface by its giant leaps; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough.

“I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them a hundred feet below; still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold; still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded over the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God.”

But no words, however appropriate; no combination of ideas, however felicitous, can do justice to Niagara, and those who are wending their way thither will need no description. Yet it is satisfactory to know the feelings and thoughts of those who have gone before us. Prospect Park (which we are now in), contains between nine and ten acres, and is owned by an incorporated company who have laid out a large sum of money in beautifying nature as well as in making the approaches to the falls and high banks perfectly safe. Here beautiful graded carriage roads, lawns, shrubbery and flowers greet the eye at every turn. Along the high banks the company have erected a stone wall, probably three feet high, with a coping stone on its top, the wall not high enough to obstruct the view but forming an undoubted security against accident, while it enables the visitor to press up closely even to the very edge of the high banks. They have also made an excavation from the top of the high bank to its base, and operate an inclined railway through it with comfortable cars worked by water power, on which visitors may descend to the water's edge and return the same way, or walk up or down on the stairs along side the railway. They have also a dressing room below, with guides to conduct you under the sheet of water which is called "Shadow of the

Rock." A ferry is also operated from near the foot of the inclined railway across the river below the falls to and from Canada by this company. The park grounds are lighted up at night with a plentiful supply of gas lamps, and a police force, uniformed, is always on hand, in every part of the park, directed and paid by the company.

We will now pass up the river to Goat Island bridge. Here the noble river is seen hurrying on towards its final leap; and as we gaze down on the rushing flood of water that seems as if it would sweep away our frail standing ground and hurl us over the dread precipice whose rounded edge is but a few yards further down. This is the finest point of view from which to observe the rapids above the falls. The fall of the river from the head of the rapids (a mile above) to the edge of the precipice is nearly sixty feet, and the tumultuous madness of the waters, hurling and foaming in wayward billows and breakers down this descent as if fretting with impatience, is a fine contrast to the uniform magnificent sweep that we have just seen as they rush into the thundering flood below. At the other end of this bridge is Bath Island, connected with Goat Island by another bridge. Before proceeding thither, however, we may say a word or two in reference to the bridge we are about to leave. The elegant

and substantial structure that now spans the river at this point was erected by the Messrs. Porter, the proprietors of Goat Island. It is made of Iron, on the plan of Whipple's Iron Arched Bridge, and is 360 feet long, having 4 arches of 90 feet span each. The width is 27 feet, embracing a double carriage way of 16 1-2 and two foot paths 5 1-4 feet each with iron railings. All the materials used in its construction are of the best quality, and the strength of all the parts is much beyond what is considered necessary. The first bridge that was thrown across these turbulent waters was constructed at the head of Goat Island in 1817. It was carried away by the ice in the following spring, and was succeeded by another which was built in 1818 on the site of the present structure. This was repaired in 1839 and again in 1849.

We are now on Bath Island, a small Island of about one acre in extent, upon which is the Niagara Falls Paper Mills, said to be the second largest paper manufacturing establishment in the United States. A little higher up are two smaller islets named Brig and Ship Islands, the former is also called Lover's Retreat, and was connected with Bath Island by a slender bridge which was washed away by ice and high water. Looking down the river we see several small islets, the first of which is called Chapin Island, the second, Bird

Island, and the third Luna Island, which we will soon visit. From Bath Island another bridge across the narrow channel conveys you to Goat Island.

Goat Island contains about seventy-five acres. Here the visitor is in the enjoyment of the cool shade of the primitive forest trees. The proprietors of this island, the Porter family, have purposely avoided mutilating either the shrubbery or the original forest trees, thereby giving the visitor an opportunity, which is rare, of visiting one of the wildest haunts of nature. A carriage road around this island on its outer edge, and the necessary foot bridges from this to smaller adjoining islands, is all that the proprietors will allow done to mar this beautiful and romantic spot. While the proprietors are so very careful to leave this island as nature made it, they are equally careful to protect the visitor by an admirable police regulation of their own, the result of which is, that it is perfectly safe for visitors, after they become acquainted with the different paths, to stroll through it as fancy or inclination may dictate, with the assurance that no annoyance will be experienced. In approaching Goat Island you ascend the hill and take the right hand road which leads to Luna Island. This little island, adjacent to Goat Island, is connected with it by a foot bridge over the stream that forms the Centre Fall.

This stream, although a mere ribbon of white foam when seen from a short distance, in contrast with the great falls, is by no means unworthy of notice. It is one hundred feet wide, and is a very graceful sheet of water. From Luna Island (which is so called because it is the best point from which to view the beautiful lunar bow), a view of the river below the falls, the ferry under the falls, the inclined railway down, the bank, the Cave of the Winds, the two suspension bridges in the distance, the American and Centre Falls, may be seen to advantage, the visitor being located at the edge of the precipice of the American Fall. It is said by some that Luna Island trembles, which is not improbable. Returning to Goat Island we again take our carriage and proceeding along the road a short distance we come to Biddle Stairs. These were erected in 1829, by Mr. Biddle, for the purpose of enabling visitors to descend the perpendicular precipice to the Cave of the Winds. It is said that this cave was first entered in 1834, by Messrs. White and Sims, two residents of the Falls. It has sometimes been called Ingraham's Cave, but with what authority does not appear. The appellation by which it is known is entirely appropriate. It is one hundred by sixty feet and one hundred feet in height. Here it is necessary to put on waterproof dresses and obtain a guide; both

are at all times at our command. After being equipped you make the descent by the spiral staircase. Here you have a view opened up to you *more grand* than that from Luna Island, and many think the *finest* at Niagara. You are in the midst of heavy spray and in close proximity to the mighty thunder of the falling waters. You are almost deafened with the roar and general tumult around you. You walk out on platforms with hand railings, directly in front of the falls, and probably fifty feet distant, where you look almost directly up at the waterfall. Here you see the full circle rainbow (said to be the only place in the world where it can be seen). You are now impressed more than ever with the terrible irresistible force of the water, and we must acknowledge our own insignificance while in the presence of the elements over which we have not the slightest control. Such are the impressions which creep over the mind while in the immediate presence of the great Falls of Niagara.

After ascending to the dressing rooms and making ourselves presentable again, we will proceed a little farther around the Island to what was once Terrapin Tower. This Tower occupied a singular and awful position. A few scattered masses of rock lie on the very brink of the great falls, seeming as if unable to maintain their position against the tremendous rush of

water. Upon these rocks the tower was built; it was erected in 1833 by Judge Porter, and from its summit could be obtained the most magnificent view that can be conceived; the rapids above, rolling and tumbling towards you; the green water of the mighty falls at your feet; below, the hissing cauldron of spray, and the river with its steep banks beyond; in fact, the *whole* range of the falls themselves, and the world of raging waters around them, was seen from this commanding point of view; now we have nothing left but the scattered rocks with a bridge leading to them. In 1873 the tower was considered unsafe, and was taken down by the owners.

Leaving terrapin rocks, we proceed a little farther on to the Three Sister Islands, which are three small islands outside of Goat Island. These, hitherto inaccessible, are now connected by substantial foot bridges, from which the grandest view of the rapids is to be obtained. From the second of these bridges Mr. McCullough fell, a full account of which will be found under the head of Narrow Escapes. Gull Island is a small island just above the Horseshoe Fall, it has never been trodden by the foot of man. After leaving here, we will proceed a short distance further on until we come to the head of Goat Island. Here we view the broad and placid river above, spread out in a

beautiful, wide sheet of water. You notice the current is rapid but not broken here, and sets directly from the shore to this spot. Here is where it is supposed the first white man ever stood upon Goat Island. Israel Putnam, in 1755, while on a campaign against Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the river, visited this place and made a trip to the head of this island and returned. The Indians seem to have crossed occasionally, as traces of their graves have been found here. On the 23d of February, 1811, Augustus Porter applied for the purchase of the island, upon which to keep sheep, and alleged in his petition that the wolves that infested the settlement rendered this business next to impossible without some asylum like this for their preservation. It was afterward bought by the Porter family, in whose possession it still remains. In the distance you see the village of Chippewa, on the Canada side, noted for its battles of Chippewa in 1812. Leaving here we return to the bridge, having made the entire circuit of the island, and, when back to our hotel, we have made a journey of a little over ten miles. On our way from the island, just at the end of the bridge, we pass the large fancy goods store of Mr. Tugby: this is quite a *curiosity shop*. Mr. Tugby has the largest fancy goods store at Niagara, having goods from all parts of the world. In fact, it is a *small Centennial*, and well worth

your while to look through, if you have time. We have now done all the essential points at Niagara.

Do not make the mistake of trying to do the Falls and vicinity on foot; if you do you will not see one-half of its principal points of interest, and nothing of its surroundings. By taking a carriage you are ready at any moment to appreciate to the full each new scene of this magnificent, unsurpassed and wondrous panorama as it unfolds to your view, always remembering the adage, "what is worth doing is worth doing well."

Many people come here, take a carriage, and ask the driver to rush them through in a few hours. This is another great mistake, as your haste will more or less mar all your pleasure, and Niagara demands more attention in order to be appreciated. If short of time the principal points can be visited in a day, then take your time at the different places, and you can do the essential part of Niagara nicely; but a week is better. Many stay months.

What we have termed essential points will, of course, be the chief attraction; these are, however, but a *few* of the many that should and do claim the attention of the true tourist. By their surpassing loveliness and historic interest, the battle grounds, the numerous rapids, the deep, dark caves, the pure air, the delightful climate, and the long and shady drives—all these

in the neighborhood of Niagara tend to make it the most attractive summer resort on the American continent. With the visitor who has the time and inclination, we will now, under the head of "Non-essential," try and point out several localities in the vicinity which are worthy of special attention.

As most important, our first drive will be to the Burning Spring, something over two miles above the Falls on the Canadian side. The water bubbles up and is kept in constant ebullition by the rising gas, and being touched with a match the gas ignites and burns with a clear, steady flame, which rises to the height of two or three feet. The drive to this place is very fine; the roadway is on an elevation of about 100 feet above the river, and parallel with it, affording a beautiful and elevated birds-eye view of the Canadian portion of the river, and its numerous islands above the Falls, as far as the eye can reach. The scenery all along is very grand and well repays the trouble of visiting it. In returning the visitor, should he so desire, can visit the

BATTLE FIELD OF LUNDY'S LANE.

This historical spot upon which the bloody battle was fought, on the 25th day of July, 1812, between the British and American forces, is about one and one-quarter miles west of the Falls, on the Canadian side.

The loss of the British in the engagement was eight hundred and twenty-seven killed and wounded; that of the Americans, eight hundred and sixty. It was a draw game, each side claiming the victory. In this battle General Scott is said to have received seven wounds. A walk through the burying-ground, on the left side of the ascent, will show where rest the remains of many a gallant soldier who lost his life by the sad chance of war.

Our next drive will be to the "Devil's Hole." About three miles from the Falls, American side, is a deep, dark cave or chasm in the rocky bank, known as the Devil's hole, which, from its own gloomy grandeur and historical associations connected with it, render it an object of considerable interest. An air of sullen sublimity pervades its gloom, and, when in its shadowy depths, one seems cut off from the world and confined in a prison-house of terror. It is a wild, dark, gloomy cavern, fit place seemingly for the dwelling house of a demon. Passing over the bank at the Devil's Hole is a small stream called Bloody Run. This stream is generally dry in Summer, but quite a brawling brook when swollen by the rains or melting snow in Fall or Spring. It was here that the tragic event from which the stream obtained its name occurred, during the old French war, on the 14th of September, 1763. After

the English had obtained possession of Fort Niagara and established a post at Schlosser, a party of about 250 British regulars left the former with a supply of provisions for the latter. While passing this spot the party was surprised by a band of Indians, said to have been led by the chief, "Farmers' Brother," who had been lying in ambush, and all, with the exception of two, slain. Men, horses, cattle and wagons were forced over the bank, and the little stream ran red with the blood of the slain—hence its name. The number of those who perished was 250. As we have stated, only two persons escaped—a drummer, who was caught in a branch of a tree in his descent, and the commander of the supply train, John Steadman, who, seeing the fatal snare, wheeled his horse at once, and spurring him through a shower of bullets reached Schlosser in safety.

Should the visitor remain at Niagara over Sunday he will find a very interesting service by attending church at the Indian Village. This is situated about seven miles from the Falls. The Indian Reservation is a tract of land granted to a remnant of the once mighty Tuscarora Tribe, about fifty years ago. Here they have a village, and from this village comes all the beautiful bead work seen in the fancy stores at Niagara. The visitor must not expect to find the Indian in

his savage state, nor will he find him by any means pugnacious; he seems much like what he is—a very easy going mortal. He does little but make toy bows and arrows and lounge about. True, he still possesses one great characteristic, he does no work—that is beneath the dignity of the noble red man, his squaw does that—and as his day of following the trail or scalping some luckless paleface is passed, he leads a life by no means too much occupied.

Cases are known of adventurous minds, bent on seeing him in his wigwam, who having perused Cooper's works and been inspired thereby, have, with gallant zeal, buckled on (or rather slipped into their pockets) the deadly derringer, and sallied forth like errant knights of old, to seek adventure, and mahap to slay some fierce "Reynard subtile," or by gallant deed make lasting friendship with some "Uncas." Alas, how quickly has their burning ardor cooled at finding not the faintest semblance in the being they meet, to the once redoubtable and wily warrior, bedecked with plume and scalp lock, and adorned with all the savage grandeur of barbaric pomp, making the hair involuntarily to rise with his blood-curdling and ear-piercing yell, or pressing the turf with stately step and noble mien, a fearless, free, romantic savage. Behold instead, a placid, dull,

expressionless face, gazing at them with lack-lustre eye; a form whose heavy build and ungainly motion suggests anything but the lithe and graceful motion of Cooper's heroes; and, instead of the wigwam, sees a few very common-place houses, some of them in not the best state of preservation. To compensate, however, the visitor may enjoy a sermon and a service in the Tuscarora tongue, and see, at least, something of the picturesque in the raiment of the various squaws.

They have two churches, or meeting houses, here, in which the services are conducted in the Indian dialect, and then translated for the benefit of those who do not understand it. One house is of the Baptist persuasion, the other Presbyterian: for, of course, the ancient superstitions of the race have faded before the strong light of christianity, and the Great Spirit is worshiped only in the name by which the white man calls him. One other spirit, adored of old, and still adored by them (and by some of their fairer faced brethren), holds still its vantage ground, and neither book nor priest seems capable of entirely abolishing the worship paid to the fire-water. The tribe, of which this is but a remnant, came originally from North Carolina, and are subject to the laws which govern the Six Nations; the head chief of all being Asa Thompson, and John Mountpleasant the chief of this tribe.

The number of the tribe is about 500, and the reservation four miles square. The drive is about the same as any country drive, with nothing of importance or interest on the way.

Our next trip will be to the top of the mountain. This place is about five miles below the Falls, American side. There are no associations of interest connected with it, and it is visited simply on account of the pleasant drive and the grand view to be had from its elevated position; the eye wanders with untiring delight over the richest imaginable scenes of woodland and water. Just below is the village of Lewiston, and on the opposite shore is Queenston, between them flows the now quiet river Niagara, calm and majestic in its recovered quietude. In the far distance, on either side, stretches the richly wooded landscape, dotted with villas and cottages. This is indeed a grand view, and well repays the exertion of the drive.

We will next visit Brock's monument, which is situated on Queenston Heights, Canada side, about eight miles from the Falls. This monument was erected by the British government, in memory of Sir Isaac Brock, a British general commanding the army at the battle of Queenston Heights, on the 13th of October, 1812. His remains, and those of his aid-de-camp, John McDonald, who died of wounds received

in the same battle, are buried here. The first monument was completed in 1826, and was blown up in 1840, by a person named Lett, who was afterward imprisoned for this dastardly act of vandalism. The present handsome shaft was erected in 1853. Its height is 185 feet; the base is forty feet square by thirty high; the shaft is a Corinthian column and capital, of free-stone, seventy-five feet high and thirty feet in circumference, on the top of which stands a statue of the gallant general. A view from this monument is most gorgeous. Niagara is spread out before you, and the beautiful valley for seven miles to Lake Ontario, in one grand panoramic view, and the lake beyond, studded with white sails, is one which is excelled nowhere in this country. The visitor will be delighted with this trip; the only drawback being rather a long drive, with nothing of importance to see on the way.

For country drives, we have several; and as the roads in summer are, as a general thing, good, visitors can enjoy themselves here for a long time. The drive up the river to La Salle, on the American side, is very interesting, the road laying close to the river all the way. This locality is noted for its fine peach and apple orchards. The village of La Salle takes its name from the French Jesuit, Robert Chevalier de La Salle, who built, at this place, the first vessel that sailed on

Lake Erie; it was sixty tons burthen, and called La Griffin. History tells us that she made one trip and was then lost; and now amid the numberless sails that have and still dot Erie's fair bosom, her very name has been forgotten. .

NIAGARA.

NIAGARA is justly the pride of America, and its grandeur, magnitude and magnificence are well known to the civilized world. Ever since the discovery of this wonderful cataract (by Father Hennepin in 1678) people have flocked here, from all countries, to gaze with feelings of the deepest solemnity and awe, on this tumultuous fall of water, and to adore the power and majesty of the Almighty, as these are exhibited and realized amid the sublime scenery of this stupendous waterfall. In the preceding pages we have attempted to guide the traveler to the various points whence the finest views can be obtained, and afterward conducted him to the spots of peculiar interest in their neighborhood. We will now, in as few words as possible, give the reader a brief history of some of the local surroundings and events.

This pleasant little village, which takes its name from the great cataract, is situated on the Niagara

river, about twenty-two miles from Buffalo, and is accessible by rail from all parts of the United States and Canada. The population is about 5,000. It contains five churches, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, and Roman Catholic; there are two public schools, several private schools, and a Catholic Academy. The streets are wide and well kept, and present to the tired and work-worn dwellers of cities a delightful contrast by their refreshing shades. During the war of 1812, this locality was the scene of many startling events, which have passed into history. Let us proceed to the source of this noble river, at Lake Erie, and give it a rapid glance as we follow its course to Lake Ontario.

BUFFALO stands guard at its commencement at Lake Erie. This is a great commercial city, and has a population of 150,000, with a railway communication with all parts of the United States and Canada. Just opposite is old Fort Erie, belonging to the British.

BLACK ROCK, now part of Buffalo, once rivalled that city in importance. Here a steam ferry crosses over to Waterloo, a village on the Canadian side.

TONAWANDA is twelve miles from Buffalo, at the widest part of Niagara river, and is noted for its lumber mart.

GRAND ISLAND, on which is a little hamlet named White Haven, divides the river into two branches. On the site of White Haven was intended to be built a "City of Refuge for the Jews," but the aspiring and sanguine projector failed in carrying out his intentions.

FORT SCHLOSSER is nine miles further down the river, on the American side. It was at the old landing here that the burning of the *Caroline* took place, during the Canadian Rebellion of 1837. The insurgents had taken up a position on Navy Island, and the steamer *Caroline* was charged, by the British, with carrying provisions to the rebels; the vessel was, therefore, seized by Col. M'Nabb, cut loose from her moorings, set on fire, and sent, like a flaming meteor, down the wild rapids and over the Falls of Niagara. There was no one on board when this vessel took her awful leap into the roaring gulf. Opposite Schlosser is the village of Chippawa (two and one-half miles above the Falls) from which a railway runs to Queenston and the mouth of the river; steamers ply between Buffalo and this village, below which vessels dare not venture.

The Islands above the rapids are very numerous, in fact the river is studded with them from Lake Erie all the way down to the Falls; there are thirty-seven of them, if we may be permitted to count those that are little more than large rocks. Grand Island is the

largest, being twelve miles long and seven broad. Navy Island is just below it. Here the French built their ships of war in 1759. This island was the resort of the rebel leaders in 1837. It has an area of 304 acres. Our space forbids further notice of these islands, which are exquisitely beautiful; some are large and others are small, some lie in quiet water, clearly reflected in the surrounding mirror, while others stand in the midst of the raging current, looking black in the white turmoil of surrounding foam, and seeming as if they would fain check the angry waters in their headlong rush towards the Falls. The swollen, agitated stream hurries onward, after its mighty leap, between steep cliffs clothed with dense foliage. This, in the Fall, when the leaves are turning, is very beautiful.

Having previously noticed all the points of interest along the river about the Falls, we will pass on to Lewiston, a beautifully situated little town, about seven miles from the Falls. It is a place of no commercial importance, but, in the Summer months, the steamers for the Thousand Islands, river St. Lawrence, thence to Montreal, and Lake Champlain, start from here. Lewiston was destroyed by the British in 1813, and was rebuilt at the termination of the war. Just opposite is Queenston, a small, picturesque town, and

worthy of notice chiefly on account of the memorable battle that took place on the neighboring heights.

Seven miles further down is the mouth of the river. On the American side is Fort Niagara and the village of Youngstown. There are many historical associations connected with Fort Niagara, which we have not the space to touch upon. The English General, Prideaux, fell here in the battle of the 24th of July, 1759, and the French garrison afterward surrendered to Sir William Johnson. Opposite Fort Niagara, on the Canada shore, is Niagara village; its prosperity, commercially, has been greatly injured by the Welland canal, but of late years it has become quite a fashionable summer resort, and contains several handsome country residences, besides one first-class hotel, called the Queen's Royal, which is finely situated on the bank of the river, amid a beautiful grove of forest trees. Boating, fishing, open air feasting, and lounging under the trees by the water's edge, with first-class hotel accommodations, are the principal objects of attraction, and we know of no better place to find them than here. This village is an older settlement than any on the Eastern side of the river, and boasted a weekly newspaper as early as 1795. In 1792 it became the residence of the Lieut-Governor of Canada, and in the autumn of that year the first session of Parliament, of

the upper province, was held here. A short distance above the town are the remains of Fort George, which was taken by the Americans in 1813, afterward destroyed by the British, and left in ruins. A little below the town, at the mouth of the river, is Fort Massasauga, garrisoned by the British soldiers; this, and Fort Niagara, on the American side, are both intended to guard the mouth of the river. Having now traced the river from its source, at Lake Erie, to its mouth, at Lake Ontario, let us return to Niagara and some of its incidents.

In the month of June, 1829, a tall, gentlemanly, but haggard looking young man made his appearance in the village of the Falls—this was Francis Abbot, the hermit of Niagara. He brought with him a large portfolio and several books and musical instruments. For a few weeks he paid daily and nightly visits to the most interesting points of Niagara, and at length became so fascinated with the beauty and sublimity of the scene, that he resolved to take up his abode there altogether! No one knew whence the young stranger came. Those who conversed with him asserted that he was talented and engaging in his manners and address; but he was not communicative, and shunned the company of man. At the end of a few weeks he applied for permission to build for himself a cottage

on one of the Three Sisters, but circumstances preventing this, he took up his residence in an old cottage on Goat Island. Here the young hermit spent his days and nights in solitary contemplation of the great cataract; and when winter came, the dwellers on the mainland saw the twinkle of his wood fire, and listened wonderingly to the sweet tones of music that floated over the troubled waters and mingled with the thunder of the Falls.

This wonderful recluse seemed never to rest. At all hours of day and night he might be seen wandering round the object of his adoration. Not content with gazing at the rapids, he regularly bathed in the turbulent waters, and the bathing-place of Francis Abbot is still pointed out to visitors. At the terrapin rocks there was a single beam of timber which projected its tremulous end about ten feet over the roaring flood. Along this the hermit was in the habit of walking. He did so without the smallest sign of fear—with a firm, bold step, proceeding to the very end, turning on his heel and walking back again. One day in June, 1831, he went to bathe in the river below the Falls. Not long afterwards his clothes were found still lying on the bank, but Francis Abbot was gone. The waters which he had so recklessly dared had claimed him as their own at last. His body was found ten days after-

wards at the mouth of the river, whence it was conveyed to Niagara, and buried close to the thundering Fall he loved so well.

It is frequently asked by visitors, where the intrepid Blondin crossed the river on his rope. In 1859 his rope was stretched from bank to bank, about a mile below the Falls; the length of rope at this place was about 1,200 feet. In 1860 he removed his rope to a point just above the Whirlpool Rapids; the width here was 900 feet. It was at this point he performed his wonderful feat before the Prince of Wales of carrying a man on his back across this terrible chasm.

Another celebrity of Niagara was Sam Patch, who made two of his famous leaps here in 1829. A long ladder was placed at the foot of the rock, between Luna Island and the Biddle stairs, at the foot of Goat Island, and fastened with ropes in such a manner that the top projected over the water; a platform was then laid from the top of the ladder to the edge of the bank above. Hundreds of thousands of spectators crowded every point within sight of the place on both shores, eager to behold the extraordinary spectacle of a "*man jumping over the Falls.*" Sam walked along the giddy platform, made his bow, and went down, feet first, ninety-seven feet, into the river. Not content with this achievement, he afterward made a higher leap at

Genesee Falls. Again at the same place he made another jump from the height of 125 feet. This was his last—the poor fellow never rose again, and his body was never found.

In days of old, long before the deep solitudes of the West were disturbed by white men, it was the custom of the Indian warriors of the forest to assemble at the Great Cataract and offer a human sacrifice to the Spirit of the Falls. The offering consisted of a white canoe, full of ripe fruits and blooming flowers, which was paddled over the terrible cliff by the fairest girl of the tribe who had just arrived at the age of womanhood. It was counted an honor by the tribe to whose lot it fell to make the costly sacrifice, and even the doomed maiden deemed it a high compliment to be selected to guide the white canoe over the Falls. But in the stoical heart of the red man there are tender feelings which cannot be subdued, and cords which snap if strained too roughly.

The only daughter of a chief of the Seneca Indians was chosen as a sacrificial offering to the Spirit of Niagara. Her mother had been slain by a hostile tribe. Her father was the bravest among the warriors, and his stern brow seldom relaxed save to his blooming child, who was now the only joy to which he clung on earth. When the lot fell on his fair child, no

symptom of feeling crossed his countenance. In the pride of Indian endurance he crushed down the feelings that tore his bosom, and no tear trembled in his dark eye as the preparations for the sacrifice went forward. At length the day arrived; it faded into night as the savage festivities and rejoicing proceeded; then the moon arose and silvered the cloud of mist that rose from out the turmoil of Niagara; and now the white canoe, laden with its precious freight, glided from the bank and swept out into the dread rapids from which escape is hopeless. The young girl calmly steered her tiny bark towards the centre of the stream, while frantic yells and shouts arose from the forest. Suddenly *another* white canoe shot forth upon the stream, and, under the powerful impulse of the Seneca chief, flew like an arrow to destruction. It overtook the first; the eyes of father and child met in one last gaze of love, and then they plunged together over the thundering cataract into eternity!

In all its phases Niagara is sublime, but in winter, when its dark-green waters contrast with the pure white snow, and its frosty vapor spouts up into the chill atmosphere from a perfect chaos of ice and foam, there is a perfection of savage grandeur about it which cannot be realized in the green months of summer.

At this season Ice is the ruling genius of the spot. The spray which bursts from the thundering cataract encrusts every object with a coat of purest, dazzling white. The trees bend gracefully under its weight, as if in silent homage to the Spirit of the Falls. Every twig is covered, every bough is laden, and those parts of the rocks and trees on which the delicate frost-work will not lie, stand out in bold contrast. At the foot of the Falls block rises on block in wild confusion, and the cold, dismal looking water hurries its green floods over the brink, and roars hoarsely as it rushes into the vortex of dazzling white below. The trees on Goat Island seem partially buried; the bushes around have almost disappeared; the houses seem to sink under their ponderous coverings of white; every rail is edged with it, every point and pinnacle is capped with it.

When the sun shines, all becomes radiant with glittering gems and the mind is almost overwhelmed with the combined effects of excessive brilliancy and excessive grandeur. But such a scene cannot be described. During the winter immense masses of ice descend the river from Lake Erie, and form an ice bridge just below the Falls. Hundreds of foot passengers cross this bridge during the winter.

Let not the tourist fail to visit Goat Island, when the moon shines high and clear, and view Niagara

by her pale, mysterious light. It were vain to attempt a description of this magical scene. Every one knows the peculiar softness and the sweet influence that moonlight sheds. It is a scene which poets and authors have tried for years, but always failed to tell. Here words are powerless, guides are useless, and he who wishes to see and feel Niagara must watch it for himself.

We have now *done* Niagara and its neighborhood, but there is a fascination about this mighty cataract which seems to chain us to the spot, and when we seek to leave it, draws us irresistibly back again. Even in describing it, however inadequately the task may be accomplished, we are loath to lay down the pen and tear ourselves away. The Almighty has invested Niagara with a power which none can resist; and those who gaze upon it for the first time have a new era in their existence opened up—new thoughts and impressions stamped indelibly on their hearts, which will haunt them in after years and linger on their memories till time shall be swallowed up in eternity.

H O T E L S .

“ We may live without poetry, music and art :
We may live without conscience and live without heart :
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
We may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving ?
We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving ?
We may live without love—what is passion but pining ?
But where is the man that can live without dining ?

THE INTERNATIONAL.

This popular hotel is situated on the corner of Main and Falls streets, and has a frontage of 650 feet, comprising a whole block, with large and attractive lawns. It is fitted up in as good style as any summer hotel in this country, and has ample accommodation for about 600 guests. The *menage* is unquestionably of the best, in fact, the proprietor, Mr. J. T. Fulton, Jr., a courteous, gentlemanly, and thorough business man, seconded by an able corps of clerks and assistants, has ever held the first place in the ranks of hotel men. Everything is done with a view to making the house (as it undoubtedly is) a first-class one. The parlors of this house fronting on the river are fitted up in a style

unequalled in design, and furnished with the best of furniture. The view from here is very fine, and the beautiful moonlight scenes from the balconies, connected with the tender thoughts of love, are the subjects of the most pleasant recollections of many who have visited them.

Stages with signs over the door marked "Fulton's International," will be at every train, on either road, with porters to receive checks.

CATARACT HOUSE.

This first-class hotel is situated on Main street, and is about the same size as the International. It has all the modern improvements, and is ably managed by Messrs. Whitney, Jerauld & Co., and is one of the best kept hotels in the United States. The numerous army of clerks and help of all kinds accomplish their several duties as only can be done in a thoroughly well kept establishment.

Stages will be at all trains, with porters to receive checks for baggage.

THE SPENCER HOUSE.

This attractive hotel is situated directly opposite the N. Y. C. depot, and although not so large as the International or Cataract, it shares with them the best of public patronage. Unlike them, however, it is open

the year round. Its central location, and its convenient situation with reference to the depot, combine to make it equally agreeable to the tourist or man of business. Its proprietor, Mr. A. Cluck, is a veteran hotel keeper, and knows how to anticipate to a nicety the requirements of his guests.

There are many other good hotels, namely: The Niagara House, Park Place Hotel, and the Falls Hotel. Also on the Canada side, the Clifton House and the Prospect House.

CASUALTIES AT THE CATARACT.

In former times the venturesome visitor to the Falls—he who was “bound to see it all”—ran no little personal risk, and not a few lamentable accidents took place. Now, however, through the enterprise and liberality of property-owning citizens, all possible safe-guards have been provided, and accidents are of very rare occurrence. Of course, nothing can be done effectually to curb the will of those resolved upon self-slaughter, or to save the necks of those fool-hardy and reckless ones who occasionally tempt the raging flood and are swept into eternity on the verge of the Cataract.

We give below a record of some of the most memorable casualties, suicides, etc., occurring at Niagara within something less than a score of years.

On the afternoon of Saturday, Jan. 29, 1859, Willie Gibbs, a bright, intelligent lad of ten years, met his death at the Falls. His father was employed at the paper-mills on Bath Island, and Willie had gone to the island with him on the day named. The boy is supposed to have accidentally fallen into the race, although no person saw him fall. He was not observed until he had passed out through the waste-gate, and was being rapidly borne toward the verge of the cataract. He was then beyond human aid, and he was swept over the brink, amid a mass of floating ice, between Chapin and Bird Islands, near the Cave of the Winds. He is believed to have been drowned while passing out of the race, as he showed no signs of life when first seen. The remains were found a few days after, near the Cave of the Winds.

On the 14th of Sept., 1859, a man calling himself Shields, gave notice by posting large hand-bills and otherwise, that he would, at a specified time, jump from a platform, a distance of ninety feet, into the swift current of the race at White's pleasure-grounds. Having completed his arrangements, he waded into the water to ascertain its depth, the strength of the current,

etc., and was never seen after! He was thought to have been seized with cramps and to have been drowned. His real name was found to have been Patrick O'Connor. He was from Rochester.

On Thursday, Sept. 1st, 1859, two men were observed clinging to the bottom of a boat above Grass Island. They were well out in the current and swiftly drifting toward the rapids. A boy who saw them, pushed out in a boat to their rescue, but was unable to reach them and was barely able to save himself. One of the men was seen to swim away from the boat a short distance and then return to it. They went down on the outside of the Third Sister Island, and thence over the cataract. Fragments of the boat were subsequently found just below the Falls. One of the unfortunate men was named Johnson, and lived on Navy Island. In the summer of 1851 or 1852, he was rescued from a perilous position some distance below the Sister Islands, by J. R. Robinson, the "Hero of Whirlpool Rapids."

On Saturday, Sept. 17, 1859, while Mr. Christopher H. Witmer was superintending some repairs to his mill near Whirlpool Rapids, he accidentally slipped from a piece of timber on which he was standing, and was swiftly borne down through the terrible rapids. Marks, supposed to have been made by him in his

desperate efforts to save himself, were afterwards observed upon the piece of timber. No one saw him fall or heard him call for help. Indeed it would have been impossible for those in close proximity to have heard his cries, on account of the deafening roar of the rapids. The remains of Mr. Witmer were found about a month afterward, below Lewiston. The body was in a good state of preservation, though the clothing had nearly disappeared.

May 19, 1864, a Mrs. Bender committed suicide on the Canada side of the Falls, where she resided. She had been insane for some years, and was always closely watched by members of her family. On the day named she managed to elude their vigilance, and made her way to Table Rock, where she was noticed, by those about, to act strangely. Her friends, having missed her, made inquiries and, hearing that she had gone to the Falls, hastened after her. When she saw them coming, she deliberately walked into the rapids. A gentleman standing near rushed into the water after her and caught hold of a shawl she had about her. The shawl slipped from her person, and in another moment she had taken the fearful plunge over the cataract. The body of the unfortunate woman was never found.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 14, 1865, a young man named William Duncan, clerk in the store of Mr. S. T. Murray, of Niagara Falls, started in a sail-boat from Port Day to visit his parents, who resided in Chippewa. This he had been in the frequent habit of doing, without apprehension, during the summer. On this occasion the wind was blowing quite briskly, and he was cautioned against making the attempt to cross, but he determined to venture. He was watched until he had nearly reached the mouth of Chippewa creek, and was supposed to be safe. Shortly after his boat was seen drifting through the rapids toward the Falls. His friends thought the boat had become unmanageable, from some cause, and that he jumped out with the determination of saving himself by swimming. Parts of his body were found a few days after near the ferry below the Falls. Duncan was twenty-one years of age, and was much respected by all who knew him.

September 12th, 1866, two men, named Daniel Coffa and Henry Husted, started from Chippewa in a small boat to cross to Port Day, on this side. When the boat had reached the middle of the river, it was observed suddenly to stop and then to drift into the rapids. Parties on Goat Island saw them rowing lustily against the current, just above the Three Sister Islands. The boat preserved its proper position until it went over

the first large break in the rapids. After that neither of the men nor the boat was ever seen!

On Wednesday, Dec. 8th, 1869, Mr. James Pierce, an old and well-known resident of Niagara Falls, committed suicide by jumping into the Whirlpool Rapids from the great Suspension Bridge. Two friends of his were upon the bridge at the time, and he was on the outside of the railing. When his friends had reached a point opposite where he was standing, he addressed them saying, "Good-bye, boys; I'm going!" and immediately took the fearful leap. His body was never recovered.

On Friday, Sept. 17, 1869, a gentleman arrived at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, and registered himself as "Carl Schurz." After being driven about on the American side for some time, he discharged his conveyance, crossed the river in a boat, and proceeded to Table Rock; and here he was noticed to act in a peculiar manner. He approached the water's edge and gazed intently over for some moments; then, walking back a short distance, he removed his coat, and deliberately entered the rapids. He had not gone far when the water, which rushes with tremendous force at this point, took him from his feet, and he was almost instantly swept over the Falls. His body was found a few days after at the ferry. Neither his name

or place of residence was ever ascertained. It was generally believed that the man was insane.

On Thursday, May 18, '71 three young men, whose names were not ascertained, arrived at the Falls, and hiring a boat, attempted to make their way straight across the river from Port Day. Not being familiar with the currents, it was not long before they were drawn into the rapids and became helpless. Parties on the Canadian side saw them coming and as the boat passed near the shore, attempted to save them by seizing the boat as it went by. The effort was in vain, however, as boat and men were swept irresistibly onward and carried over the Horseshoe. The remains of none of the three were ever discovered.

On the 4th of July, 1873, a young man accompanied by a young lady and a boy—the young lady's brother—arrived at Chippewa, and took apartments at a hotel. The next day a boat was hired, and all three went for a sail. Passing out of Chippewa creek into the river, the boat was soon carried into the rapids, as the young man evidently knew nothing of its management, and but a few moments elapsed before all went over the cataract. The remains of the young lady were found two days afterward, at Youngstown.

There was a romantic as well as a tragic feature in the above. It appeared that the young man and young

woman had run away for the purpose of getting married; the latter insisting, as a matter of prudence, that her brother should be of the party. The marriage, we believe, was to have taken place on the day of the catastrophe. The father and mother of the girl, who had come in pursuit of the runaway, arrived but a short time after!

On Saturday, Sept. 19th, 1874, a stranger reached the Falls, on the Canada side, by the Great Western Railway, and immediately engaged a carriage to convey him to Table Rock. After viewing the Falls for a time, he asked the driver if he thought "it would kill a man to go over them?" The driver assured him that it would be certain death. Requesting the driver to mail a letter for him, the stranger, without saying anything further, walked into the water, and in a moment was carried over the Falls. His body was never found, nor did his name afterwards become known.

One of the most lamentable acts of self-destruction ever committed at Niagara Falls was that of a Chicago lady, Mrs. Margaret Avery, wife of T. M. Avery, Esq., on Sunday, Nov. 20, 1870. On leaving her residence at Chicago on the afternoon of Friday, Nov. 18, she informed the family that she was going out to make calls. Instead of doing this, however, she left for the

east on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, passed through Buffalo, and reached the Falls on Saturday evening. She went to the Spencer House, where she registered herself as Mrs. Hill, of Chicago. After partaking of breakfast the next morning, she made inquiries as to the direction and distance to the cataract, and walked down to the bridge leading to Goat Island, where she remained for about two hours, although the day was quite a cold one. She gazed intently into the boiling, tumbling rapids, and those who noticed her remarked upon the strangeness of her actions. Suddenly she was observed to climb over the railing of the bridge, when the attention of the gate-keeper was called to the fact. He started toward her, but when still about thirty feet distant, she turned her head and gazed upon him for a moment, when releasing her hold upon the rail, she plunged over into the rapids, and was almost immediately whirled over the American Fall. It subsequently transpired that the unfortunate lady was suffering from insanity, the result of typhoid fever.

NARROW ESCAPES.

On the 18th of June, 1874, Mr. Wm. McCullough had a narrow escape from being carried over the Falls. He had been engaged in painting on the bridge connecting the First and Second Sister Islands, a small platform

having been swung beneath the structure for the painters to stand upon. In attempting to lower himself from the road-bed of the bridge to this platform, Mr. McCullough, miscalculating his position, instead of alighting where he intended dropped into one of the most rapid and tumultuous currents in the river.

His fall was witnessed by a man who was working with him on the bridge, and also by Mr. G. E. Curtis, and both set off at full speed down the river's bank, in the hope of being able to rescue the unfortunate man who was swiftly borne along the rocky bed of the stream toward the spot where he must take the fearful plunge—a few rods below. When he had reached a point nearly opposite the “Halfway Drive” across the island, the current threw the nearly insensible man over a low ledge into a small eddy, where he managed to grasp a small projecting rock, and upon which he finally succeeded in seating himself. Those who saw the accident hurried to the village and gave the alarm, and it was not long ere a large crowd of people had gathered on the bank of the river intently watching the preparations in progress for the rescue of the seemingly doomed man sitting on that small rock in the midst of the raging water.

Thomas Conroy, at that time the well known guide to the Cave of the Winds,—a man of herculean mould

and strength, made a brave but unsuccessful attempt to cross directly to Mr. McCullough. Having procured a pair of felt shoes—to enable him to retain his foothold upon the slippery rocks at the bottom—Mr. Conroy made a second attempt to reach the shivering and well-nigh exhausted man, by going up the bank and wading out upon the ledge.

After reaching Mr. McCullough, Conroy fastened the end of a rope he had taken with him around his (Mr. McC's.) waist, and grasping it with his own hands, gave the signal to those having hold of the other end to keep it taut. The two were finally landed in safety. Mr. McCullough, though completely enfeebled, had not suffered beyond a few slight bruises, and was about his work again on the ensuing day. A handsome sum of money was made up for Conroy by those who witnessed his courageous efforts to save the life of a fellow being.

On the 14th of July, 1875, an unknown man applied at a saloon on the Canadian side of the Falls for a dram. As the man was already under the influence of liquor, the bar-tender refused to serve him. The man left, proceeding down the river road. On reaching a point a couple of hundred feet north of the New Bridge, he was seen to stagger toward the bank, and suddenly to disappear over the brink. Those by whom

the accident was witnessed, procured a boat and rowed with all speed toward the spot where they expected to find the crushed and mangled remains. What was their surprise when, after a brief search, they found the fellow as well as ever with the exception of a few slight bruises! And this, notwithstanding the fact that he had fallen from a perpendicular height of eighty feet, upon the rocks, and then rolled down the bank some sixty feet further.

On the 14th of June, 1859, a little boy four years old, named Mahoney, while playing on the bank of the river near White's pleasure grounds, fell from a nearly perpendicular height of one hundred feet. Almost miraculously, it would seem, the only injury he received was a broken shoulder, and this did not prevent him from getting up and making his way home.

On June 28th, in the same year a young man was walking along the edge of the bank near the spot mentioned above, when the locomotive drawing a train of cars behind him suddenly gave an unearthly "screech," which so startled the youth that he gave a jump which carried him over the bank. He fell about eighty feet, striking in the top of a large tree and thence tumbled to the earth below. He received no severe injury.

3-01

F

27

113

1-8





3 9157 00517661 8

SpC1

F

127

BROCK UNIVERSITY

ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

N8

N48



LIBRARY

